

## Ice Cream Cone Summer by [imjustagirlnotahero](#)

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**Summary:**

Billy visits Steve at work and Robin is curious.

## Ice Cream Cone Summer

### Author's Note:

This is my first post on this site. Sorry for any mistakes. Hope you enjoy.

Billy looked into the review mirror to fix his blonde curls. He knows he doesn't have to impress Steve but he likes to be presentable anyway. The mall parking lot was pretty vacant. No one went to the mall on a Tuesday. Billy exited the Camaro and made his way into the mall.

Scoops Ahoy! was completely vacant except for an old women eating a chocolate cone in the corner. Perfect. He walked up to the counter and rang the little bell. Instead of Steve however, his coworker Robin came running. She looked at him with an expression of confusion.

"What do you want Hargrove?" She asked with a raised eyebrow.

"Steve here?"

"Yeah, he's in the back why?"

"Cool thanks." Billy left before she could utter another sentence.

He pushed past her behind the counter and wandered through the small hall. He saw the door for the break room was open and he could here rustling from inside. He smirked to himself and walked closer. Steve was leaning against the counter watching the coffee maker closely. Like if he kept staring at it, it would make his coffee brew faster.

"You're really concentrated on that coffee pot pretty boy." Billy said as he closed the door behind him.

Steve spun around and almost fell on his ass in the process. He furrowed his eyebrows at Billy and frowned.

"You can't sneak up on me like that Billy, jeez." He placed his hand on his heart like a drama queen.

"You know, you look really hot in that uniform." Billy's eyes traveled to Steve's shorts, making him blush.

"Eyes up here, Hargrove. What are you doing here anyway?"

"What a guy can come visit his boyfriend at work?" He said as he walked closer to Steve.

When they were only a foot apart Billy put his arms around Steve's neck. They kissed, short and sweet, before pulling apart. Steve ran his fingers through Billy's hair, parting the golden curls. It always amazes him how soft Billy's hair is, even with hair spray. The slight bruising under Billy's left eye however, does not go unnoticed.

"I told you to come spend the night when he hits you." Steve whispers, almost like he doesn't want Billy to hear him.

"It wasn't bad enough to warrant a night away." Steve gives him a worried look. "I promise you, I'm fine. It's just the one eye."

"Still wish you would have come over after."

"Stop worrying, and kiss me."

Billy leaned in before Steve could reply. The kiss started slow and soon escalated into fighting tongues. Steve's hands travelled from Billy's hair to his ass. He steadied his hands firmly then scooped Billy up so his legs wrapped around Steve's waist. They were so caught up in their make out session, they didn't hear the door open.

"I didn't exactly pay attention during training but I'm pretty sure this isn't part of your job description." Robin leaned against the door frame and watched the boys jump apart.

Steve practically dropped Billy from around his waist. They both just stood there and stared at her like deers caught in headlights. They were now at least three feet apart; like that would change the fact that she just caught them frenching. She let the initial shock settle before speaking again.

"Alright boys don't wet your pants, I don't care if you're gay."

“That doesn’t mean you’ll keep it to yourself though.” Billy snapped.

She put her hands up in mock surrender. “Whoa there, down boy.”

Billy only snarled at her, taking the dog metaphor one step further without meaning to.

“You.. you won’t tell anyone, will you Robin?” Steve asked.

“No, I don’t see why anyone had to know you to are doing it.”

“Oh good, thanks I-“ Robin cut Steve off before he could finish.

“I am curious however, as to why your boyfriend over here looks like he doesn’t believe me.” She looked at Billy who was still glaring at her.

“Because the promise has been broken before, and it resulted in my current living situation.” Billy looked down as he said this, like he didn’t mean to say it to her.

“You move here cause’ someone told on you for being queer?”

“Yes, my dad thought moving his useless fagot of a son to east buttfuck would keep me from getting laid.” Billy spat, regaining his earlier fire.

Robin was quiet for a minute, thinking about how much that would suck. Billy was moved from his home, across the fucking country, all because he liked boys. Pried from his home for being reckless with his hook ups.

“That’s fucked up.” She said quietly.

Billy just scoffed at her and turned away. Steve however had more to say.

“Like I said Robin, thanks for keeping it to yourself. We should get back to work.” Steve went to leave the break room.

“Wait.” She paused for a second and looked at Billy. “Your dad give you that black eye?” She asked him.

“What’s it to you?” Billy sneered.

“Nothing it’s just, you said he moved you out here cause’ you’re gay. How would he feel if you brought home a girl?”

Billy furrowed his brows and looked at her like she was crazy. “What the fuck do you mean?”

“Just that I could... I could pretend to be your girlfriend or whatever. To get your dad off your back. Maybe it would make him lighten up on you if he thinks his plan worked.” She looked down with a blush, embarrassed by her own suggestion.

“What-“ Steve cut him off.

“No wait. Billy that could work. You could bring her home for dinner introduce her as your girlfriend and then say you’re going out with her every time you want to see me. It’s perfect.” Steve said.

“So, I wouldn’t have to sneak out to see you and get hit for getting caught.” Billy read Steve’s mind.

“Yeah exactly! I could just be your cover.” Robin smiled a little.

“But why would you even want to do this? What’s in it for you?” Billy asked. Steve and Robin could both feel his reluctance.

“No one deserves to get hit by someone who’s supposed to love them Billy. Trust me I know. And I’d get to say that I was dating one of the hottest guys in school.” She tacked on the last part to lighten the mood.

Billy thought about it for a minute. The “trust me I know” didn’t go unnoticed, but he decided to save that for later.

“Yeah fuck it, let’s do it.”